

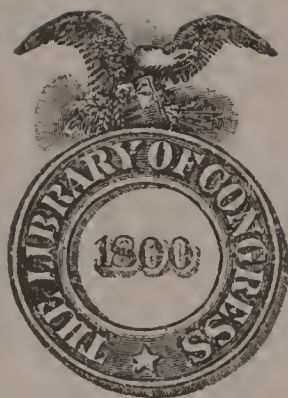
PZ
10
.3
V317
Po

FT MEADE
GenColl

POOGIE and SIBELLA

NITA VAN HOUSEN





Class PZ10

Book .3

Copyright No. V 317

Po
COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

POOGIE
and
SIBELLA

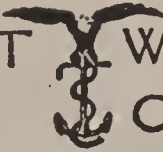


POOGIE and SIBELLA

By Nita Van Housen



With Pictures by Emma Brock

ALBERT  WHITMAN
& CO.
CHICAGO

© 1932

PZ10
.3
.V317
Po

Copyright, 1932
By ALBERT WHITMAN & COMPANY
Chicago, U. S. A.

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

OCT 22 1932

©C1A 56639

Dedicated
to
That Small Boy who says,
“I want a dog.. Why can’t
I have a dog?”

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. Poogie and Sibella Go to a Circus	1
II. Poogie and Sibella Go Fishing . .	13
III. Poogie and Sibella Find the Pot of Gold at the Foot of the Rain- bow	21
IV. Poogie and Sibella Have an Ex- citing Experience	31
V. Poogie Becomes a Hero	39
VI. Poogie and Sibella Go to Church	49
VII. Poogie and Sibella Give a Party .	58
VIII. Poogie and Sibella Go to See the World	70

INTRODUCTION

I WAS all through writing this story about Poogie and Sibella and had put away my pencil and eraser when Somebody said, "Aren't you going to write an introduction?"

"Do I have to?" I asked.

"Well, of course, all good books have introductions," said Somebody.

So I had to get my pencil and eraser and think what I would say in an introduction, for of course this is a good book and if all good books have introductions, mine must have one, too.

Introductions are supposed to tell Somebody who Somebody Else is, so perhaps I'd better tell you who Poogie and Sibella are.

Poogie isn't a name I made up. It's a real dog's name. A woman who lived next door to me had a brindle bull pup she called Poogie. He wasn't good for anything except to bark, and for me to put in a story.

Sibella is a name I made up. It's just about the first cat's name I ever made up, so if it isn't a very good one, that's why. I never saw a cat like Sibella, but I'm sure there are lots and lots of them almost like her and they would probably act just about the way she did and say the things she did.

And now that I have introduced you to Poogie and Sibella, perhaps you had better begin reading about them right away before your mother says, "Bedtime!" the way she always does just when you get in the most interesting places.

P. S. I almost forgot to tell you how to pronounce Poogie's name. It always makes him cross to have it mispronounced.

The "g" sounds like the "g" in "good" and not like the "g" in "gentle."

—NITA VAN HOUSEN



CHAPTER I

Poogie and Sibella Go to a Circus

I DON'T know what kind of dog Poogie was. He was brown and black and looked as though he might be a bull pup, but perhaps he wasn't. It really doesn't matter what kind of dog he was. It's more interesting to know what he did than to know what he was.

Sibella was a large yellow cat who knew how to make her tail big and fluffy and how to see in the dark. Sibella sounds like a girl's name, but it isn't. It's a cat's name, for I made it up myself. I don't know what kind of cat Sibella was, only I know she wasn't a Persian because she didn't come from Persia.

Poogie and Sibella lived in a little yellow house at the end of Little-John-Lane. I don't know why it was called Little-John-Lane. It was just a name somebody gave it a long time before Poogie and Sibella came there to live.

One day Poogie and Sibella started to look for a saucer of milk, a chicken bone and a bunch of catnip. The chicken bone was for Poogie and the saucer of milk and the catnip were for Sibella.

As usual Poogie was scolding Sibella for wanting the catnip. Poogie said he could understand anyone wanting a saucer of milk; but catnip was only a queer sort of weed growing in the garden and all Sibella wanted it for was to roll in it.

“You are foolish, Sibella,” said Poogie crossly. “We can’t waste time looking for catnip for you to roll in. You can just as well roll in the grass.”

“What?” asked Sibella, who wasn’t paying attention.

“I said you could roll in the grass,” said Poogie.

“What grass?” asked Sibella.

“Why, our grass; the grass in our yard,” said Poogie.

“But why should I roll in our grass?” said Sibella.

“Dear me, Sibella, I wish you would pay attention. I was saying you didn’t need catnip to roll in when we have a yard full of grass,” explained Poogie impatiently.

“But I don’t want to roll in our grass and I do want to roll in catnip. You see, it smells better,” said Sibella.

“No, I don’t see. I can’t see the smell of catnip and you can’t either, Sibella.”

Sibella didn’t say anything more for she knew there was no use trying to make Poogie understand about catnip. She walked along

thinking her thoughts and not paying attention to anything. Of course she was paying attention to her thoughts but not to anything else.

Suddenly Poogie exclaimed, "Look!"

"Look where?" said Sibella, still thinking her thoughts.

"Look there!" cried Poogie.

"And where is there?" asked Sibella.

"Oh, Sibella, you are so stupid!" sighed Poogie. "Look at that big signboard in front of us with all those dogs and cats on it."

Sibella stopped thinking her thoughts, sat down on the sidewalk, curled her tail neatly around her, and looked at the signboard.

It was a very large signboard and there was a colored poster on it showing dozens of dogs and cats performing all sorts of tricks. Some were walking on their hind feet, some were turning somersaults, some were climbing ladders and riding on teeter-tawters and merry-go-rounds. It was a most exciting poster, especially to Poogie and Sibella who had never seen dogs and cats do such wonderful things.

“Poogie,” said Sibella, “can you read what it says?”

“I don’t know,” said Poogie. “Maybe I can read some of it. I can read three-letter words if there aren’t too many capitals.”

“Try if you can,” said Sibella. “Take plenty of time.”

Poogie sat down beside Sibella on the sidewalk but he didn’t curl his tail around him because his tail was not a real tail at all. It was just a little stub about an inch long. Poogie used it to steer himself when his hind legs ran faster than his front ones.

When he was all fixed comfortable, he squinted up his left eye and began to read what it said on the signboard.

“‘D-O-G,’ that says ‘DOG,’ and ‘A-N-D,’ that says ‘AND.’ Oh, that’s easy,—‘DOG AND.’”

“But that doesn’t mean anything, Poogie,—‘DOG AND,’” said Sibella.

“Don’t interrupt me, Sibella, I haven’t finished,” said Poogie. “‘C-A-T,’ that says ‘CAT.’ There, that’s what it says: ‘DOG AND CAT.’”

“‘DOG AND CAT,’—but what about dog and cat?” complained Sibella.

“I don’t know,” said Poogie. “That’s all it says. At least that’s all I can read. The next word has six letters and I don’t know any six-letter words.”

“Couldn’t you—couldn’t you read the first three letters, Poogie, and then the other three letters?” asked Sibella doubtfully.

“Of course not, Sibella. Don’t be foolish. That isn’t the way to read,” said Poogie.

“But, Poogie, I want to know what it says. Maybe ‘DOG AND CAT’ would mean something if we knew what the six-letter word meant.”

“Well, I’ll try it, but I don’t think it will do any good. You can’t read words in parts that way,” said Poogie.

He squinted up his right eye this time and, after a long time, he began to read. “‘C-I-R,’ that says ‘SIR,’ and ‘C-U-S,’ that says ‘KUS.’ There, you see it doesn’t mean anything; ‘SIR’ and ‘KUS.’”

“No, I suppose it doesn’t mean anything,” said Sibella. “‘SIR-KUS, SIR-KUS,

DOG AND CAT CIRCUS



CIRCUS'! Poogie, Poogie, it says 'CIRCUS!' ”

Poogie got up and turned around three times. Then he sat down on his little one-inch tail and said, “So it does, Sibella, it says ‘DOG AND CAT CIRCUS’!”

They were so amazed they had nothing more to say for five minutes. Then Sibella said, “Let’s go; Poogie, let’s go to the DOG AND CAT CIRCUS.”

“We haven’t time,” said Poogie. “It takes time to go to a circus.”

“We could use the time we were going to spend looking for the chicken bone,” suggested Sibella.

“Indeed, we couldn’t,” cried Poogie, “I can’t go without my supper. But I’ll tell you what we can do; we can use the time we were going to spend looking for the catnip. If you have a saucer of milk you can get along without the catnip.”

Sibella wanted the catnip but she also wanted to go to the DOG AND CAT CIRCUS so at last she agreed.

Down the street they went.

When they came to the tent, in they walked. It was a wonderful circus. A little dog wearing a uniform of blue came out and played on a drum. Then all the other dogs and cats marched around the big ring in the middle of the tent. After that there were ever so many acts. Little dogs dressed in fluffy pink and blue dresses danced and one was a clown dog. He lay down and pretended to be dead. Another dog poured water on him and he came to life again. The cats also did delightful tricks. They rode in doll carriages pushed by dogs dressed up to look like nurses. They rode on a merry-go-round and on a teeter-tawter. Sibella had not known that cats could do such clever things. She wished she could be in a circus and ride on a merry-go-round.

By and by a big basket with something green in it was set down in the middle of the ring. Poogie said, "I wonder what is in that basket."

Sibella sniffed once or twice and then exclaimed, "I know; it's catnip."

In a moment all the circus cats came

marching one by one toward the basket. Each one hopped into the basket, rolled over and over, hopped out and ran away. The smell of catnip filled all the tent.

Sibella sniffed and sniffed, and wrinkled up her nose and her tail waved back and forth as it hung down back of the seat.

Suddenly she sprang up and, before Poogie could stop her, she ran to the basket, hopped in, rolled over three times, hopped out and came trotting back to her place beside Poogie.

Everybody laughed and Poogie was dreadfully ashamed. He got up very stiffly and walked out of the tent. Sibella followed him wondering why Poogie was leaving before the show was over.

Poogie scolded all the way home, but Sibella was thinking some very important thoughts and paid no attention to him.

On the way they found the chicken bone and a saucer of milk.

“Of course you’ll get no catnip,” growled Poogie, “for we used the time to go to the circus that we might have spent hunting for catnip.”

Sibella only purred loudly and went on thinking her thoughts. She did not care about the catnip now. Had she not rolled in a whole basketful at the circus?





CHAPTER II

Poogie and Sibella Go Fishing

A FEW days after Poogie and Sibella went to the DOG AND CAT CIRCUS, Poogie woke up in the morning with a headache.

“Let me put a poultice on your head,” said Sibella.

“Don’t be foolish, Sibella,” said Poogie, “nobody cures a headache with a poultice.”

“Then I’ll sing to you,” said Sibella.

So she purred loud and low, low and loud, until Poogie clapped his paws over his ears and told Sibella to stop that racket.

Poor Sibella looked very much hurt, but she knew there was no use trying to please Poogie when he had a headache. So she just opened her little pink mouth and yawned very wide. Then she stretched herself, and pushed all her claws out to be sure they were in good working order. Then she sat down with her tail curled around her and began thinking some important thoughts.

It was very still in the garden and Sibella and Poogie were almost asleep.

Suddenly Poogie sprang up with a yelp of excitement and said, “Sibella, I know what let’s do; let’s go fishing. It will cure my headache.”

Sibella opened her eyes and stared at Poogie. Then she got up slowly and said, “All right, Poogie, we’ll go fishing.”

Poogie and Sibella often went fishing although they never caught any fish. Sometimes, however, they caught other things.

Once Poogie caught a cold because he got his feet wet, and once Sibella caught a cricket.

Soon they were on their way across the meadow toward the brook. Poogie frisked about, chasing his tail and jumping over his shadow, but Sibella walked along sedately, waving her tail and thinking important thoughts.

It was very hot so they stopped under a tree to rest. Poogie had forgotten all about his headache and talked cheerfully about the fish he was going to catch.

“What kind of a fish will it be?” asked Sibella.

“It will be a dogfish, or else maybe a catfish,” answered Poogie. “If it is a dogfish, I’ll eat it and if it is a catfish, you may have it.”

“How can you tell which it is?” asked Sibella.

Poogie didn’t know how he could tell so he didn’t say anything.

For a long time they lay quietly under the tree. The sun shone warm and bright and the leaves rustled faintly in the breeze.

By and by Poogie went to sleep. He snored ever so little and sometimes his leg kicked or his little one-inch tail twitched. He was dreaming of the fish he was going to catch.

Sibella wasn't asleep. She sat perfectly quiet, listening to Poogie snore and thinking some important thoughts. Suddenly her eyes opened wider and her tail trembled. Her sharp claws dug into the ground, and she crouched down flat in the grass. A moment later she sprang right over Poogie toward little Mollie Fieldmouse who was on her way home from the Mouse Market with some cheese and some mouse cinnamon rolls.

But Sibella was not quite quick enough. Mollie Fieldmouse scampered off through the grass laughing to herself, and that night she had a wonderful time telling all her friends about her narrow escape.

Sibella sat down again with her tail curled around her, and this time she began washing her face. Sibella was very particular about her appearance and spent a great deal of time washing herself.

Once Poogie opened his eyes but, when



he saw Sibella washing her face, he closed them again and went back to sleep.

Sibella had nearly finished washing behind her left ear when a big fat bumble bee came bumbling along. He paid no attention to Sibella but bumped over toward Poogie.

Poogie popped his eyes open when he heard the bumble bee and he tried to brush it away from his face. At that instant he felt something hot and stinging on the tenderest part of his little black nose.

“Ki! Yi! Ki! Yi! Sibella! Sibella! I’m stung; a bee stung me!” wailed Poogie.

He pushed his little nose into the soft dirt and rubbed it against the bark of the tree but he couldn’t stop the pain. In a few minutes his nose began to swell.

Sibella wanted to laugh because Poogie looked so funny with his nose all swollen and the tears running down his cheeks. But Sibella was a polite cat and knew better than to laugh at any one who was in trouble, so she only said, “Come on, Poogie, let’s go home.”

They started home across the meadow,

forgetting all about the fish they were going to catch. Poogie moaned and complained all the way and scolded Sibella for walking so fast.

“Sibella, don’t walk so fast. My face is swelling so I can scarcely see.”

Sibella walked more slowly, and at last they reached the little house in Little-John-Lane.

“Now, Poogie,” said Sibella, “I’ll make a poultice for your nose and then I’ll sing you a song.”

Poogie was glad enough to have the poultice this time, and he lay quite still while Sibella made it and put it on him.

When he was comfortable, Sibella sat beside him and began to purr. Loud and low, low and loud she purred. Soon Poogie was asleep and snoring.

When Sibella was sure Poogie was asleep, she curled her tail around her and began thinking some very important thoughts which she should have thought the day before.



CHAPTER III

Poogie and Sibella Find the Pot of Gold at the Foot of the Rainbow

ONE warm afternoon Poogie came around the corner of the house just in time to see Sibella bite off a long blade of grass. She slowly and thoughtfully ate this as though she thoroughly enjoyed it. Poogie watched in astonishment until Sibella had finished and had begun to bite off another blade, then he called sharply, "Sibella!"

Sibella looked up in surprise and then said, "Oh, is that you, Poogie?"

"Of course it's me," answered Poogie. "Who else could it be?"

“We-e-ll,” said Sibella thoughtfully, “it might be the Ice-Man.”

“Well, it isn’t the Ice-Man,” snapped Poogie, and then added, “but, Sibella, why were you eating grass? Cats don’t eat grass.”

“Yes, they do,” replied Sibella, “but I don’t know why, unless it’s a sign of rain.”

“How can a cat eating grass be a sign of rain?” asked Poogie.

“I don’t know but I heard a woman tell her little boy one day that, when a cat ate grass, it would rain before night.”

“Well, I don’t believe it,” growled Poogie crossly, as he curled himself up on the doormat and went to sleep with one eye. He kept the other eye open to watch Sibella.

Sibella carefully washed her face and paws and then, wrapping her tail around her, she, too, went to sleep with one eye. She kept the other eye open to watch Poogie.

Suddenly they were both startled by a rumble of thunder and the next moment big drops of rain began to patter down. Poogie and Sibella lay on the doormat inside the porch and watched the rain.

Poogie didn't like the thunder. It made little shivers run up and down his back and he wanted to run into the house and crawl under the bed. But he knew Sibella would laugh at him so he sat still—all except his little one-inch tail. It wriggled and jerked with nervousness but Sibella didn't notice.

In less than half an hour the rain was over and the sun came out. Sibella arose, stretched herself, sharpened her claws on the doormat and said, "You see it was a sign of rain when I ate grass."

Poogie didn't believe it but he didn't know what to say, so he only grunted.

Sibella walked slowly down the walk, waving her tail and looking very thoughtful. Before she reached the gate she heard Poogie give an excited little bark and come running after her.

Sibella turned around and sat down, saying, "Well, Poogie, I suppose you have thought of something."

Sibella said that, because Poogie always barked when he had a bright idea. Of course Sibella wondered what it was.

“Sibella!” cried Poogie, “let’s look for the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow!”

“Where is the rainbow?” asked Sibella.

“Don’t be silly, Sibella—isn’t there always a rainbow after a rain?”

“Well, where is it?” she asked stubbornly.

“Oh, it’s around here some place, I guess,” answered Poogie. “Anyway the foot of it would be right over there in the meadow beside the brook.”

“How do you know it would?” asked Sibella.

“Because the end of every rainbow is in a meadow. Come on, Sibella, let’s look for the pot of gold.”

Sibella didn’t know much about rainbows and pots of gold, but she did know there was no use arguing with Poogie. So, with a sigh, she got up, yawned and said, “All right, Poogie.”

They started off across the meadow toward the brook. Poogie was so excited he ran round and round in circles, chasing his little one-inch tail. Sibella, as usual, walked along

sedately, thinking her thoughts and not paying attention to anything.

Once she did stop thinking long enough to say, "Who told you there was a pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow?"

"Oh, I heard a woman tell her little boy," answered Poogie.

Now there really wasn't any rainbow at all so of course Poogie couldn't find the end of it but that made no difference to him. He was very sure he knew where to go to search for the pot of gold.

However, when they reached the brook they could see nothing that looked like a pot of gold. Sibella sat down and looked disgusted, while Poogie ran up and down the brook peering among the bushes.

At last Sibella called after him, "I thought they always dug in the ground for gold."

Poogie stopped short. "Of course! Sibella, you are right! Why didn't I think of that?"

He came running back to Sibella, his little pink tongue hanging out and his little one-inch tail jerking excitedly.

“Of course, Sibella,” he repeated, “we must dig.”

“We?” said Sibella scornfully, “cats don’t dig in the ground.”

Poogie sighed, for he knew it was true. If there were any digging to be done, he would have to do it himself. He looked about him and at last he said, “Over there in that black spot is the place to dig. The pot of gold is there, I’m sure. We will just dig and dig until we find it.”

Sibella said nothing although she didn’t believe there was a pot of gold anywhere near them.

Poogie began to dig. His forepaws worked so fast the dirt fairly flew. Some of it flew out behind him and hit Sibella. Sibella moved around in front of Poogie. In a few minutes Poogie was standing on his head in the hole with his little one-inch tail pointing straight upward.

And then—with a glad yelp, he withdrew his head and, shaking the dirt out of his eyes, he cried, “I’ve found it! Sibella, I’ve found it!”

E.L. BROCK



“Found what?” murmured Sibella, who was half asleep.

“Oh, Sibella, you are so stupid!” wailed Poogie. “Why can’t you pay attention?”

Without waiting to scold any more he plunged into the hole again and began to dig. In another moment he came out of the hole with something in his mouth. He laid it down on the ground and looked at it in surprise. Sibella got up and walked over to see the pot of gold.

“Do you call that a pot of gold, Poogie? It looks to me like an old bone.”

“It is!” answered Poogie delightedly. “I buried it here a long time ago and forgot all about it. I’ll take it home. I need a new bone to gnaw; my old one is all worn out.”

“But I thought you wanted to find the pot of gold,” said Sibella.

“This suits me better than a pot of gold,” answered Poogie, as he picked up the bone and trotted off toward home.

“But what about me?” called Sibella.

Poogie couldn’t answer because he had the bone in his mouth, so he just trotted on.

Sibella sighed and walked slowly after him thinking some thoughts she had forgotten to think yesterday.





CHAPTER IV

Poogie and Sibella Have an Exciting Experience

IT WAS Saturday afternoon. Poogie and Sibella had been fishing. Poogie had caught a rabbit—that is, he almost caught it—and Sibella had caught a field mouse, so they were going home quite happy.

Just as they reached a big tree in the middle of the meadow they heard a strange and terrible roaring right over their heads. They

looked up and Poogie yelped with terror. He tried to put his tail between his legs but, of course, a one-inch tail isn't much good to put between one's legs, so instead he yelped some more and tried to run. Sibella's tail was a perfectly good tail and, when Sibella saw what was right over her head, she fluffed it up until it was twice as large as usual, and she spit fiercely and growled angrily.

The terrible thing above them paid no attention. It passed over their heads so close it almost seemed to touch them and it came crashing to the ground only a few feet in front of them. It ran along a little way, and then stopped. The roaring ceased and all was still.

Poor Poogie and Sibella had been so frightened they couldn't move but now they began running as fast as they could. To reach home they had to run quite near the monster and, just as they were hurrying past, a man stepped out of the thing and called to them, "Well, Pup and Kitty, did I scare you?"

Poogie could always tell when people were

his friends. He didn't know how he knew, but he always did. Poogie knew this man was a special friend of dogs so he stopped and waited to see what would happen. Sibella didn't care anything about the man but she wouldn't leave Poogie.

The man came toward them smiling and talking. "Come here, old boy," he said to Poogie. "I won't hurt you. Sorry my airplane frightened you but I had to come down quickly. Something went wrong and I didn't want a tumble, even if I did land in such a pretty meadow."

By this time he was quite close to Poogie and Sibella who still trembled although they were no longer afraid. The man patted Poogie on the head and smoothed Sibella's fur until her tail was again its usual size.

"Come on, you two, and help me fix this machine," the man finally said.

Of course Poogie and Sibella couldn't really help but they followed the man and stood watching while he fixed some part of the bird-like creature that had come down in the meadow.

In a few minutes the man had finished and was about to climb into the airplane. Suddenly he stopped and looked at Poogie and Sibella. Then he laughed and said, "How would you like a ride in this thing to pay for your fright?"

Poogie and Sibella did not understand exactly what the man said but by this time Poogie was very much in love with him and wanted to keep near him. Sibella didn't care about the man, but she always followed Poogie wherever he went.

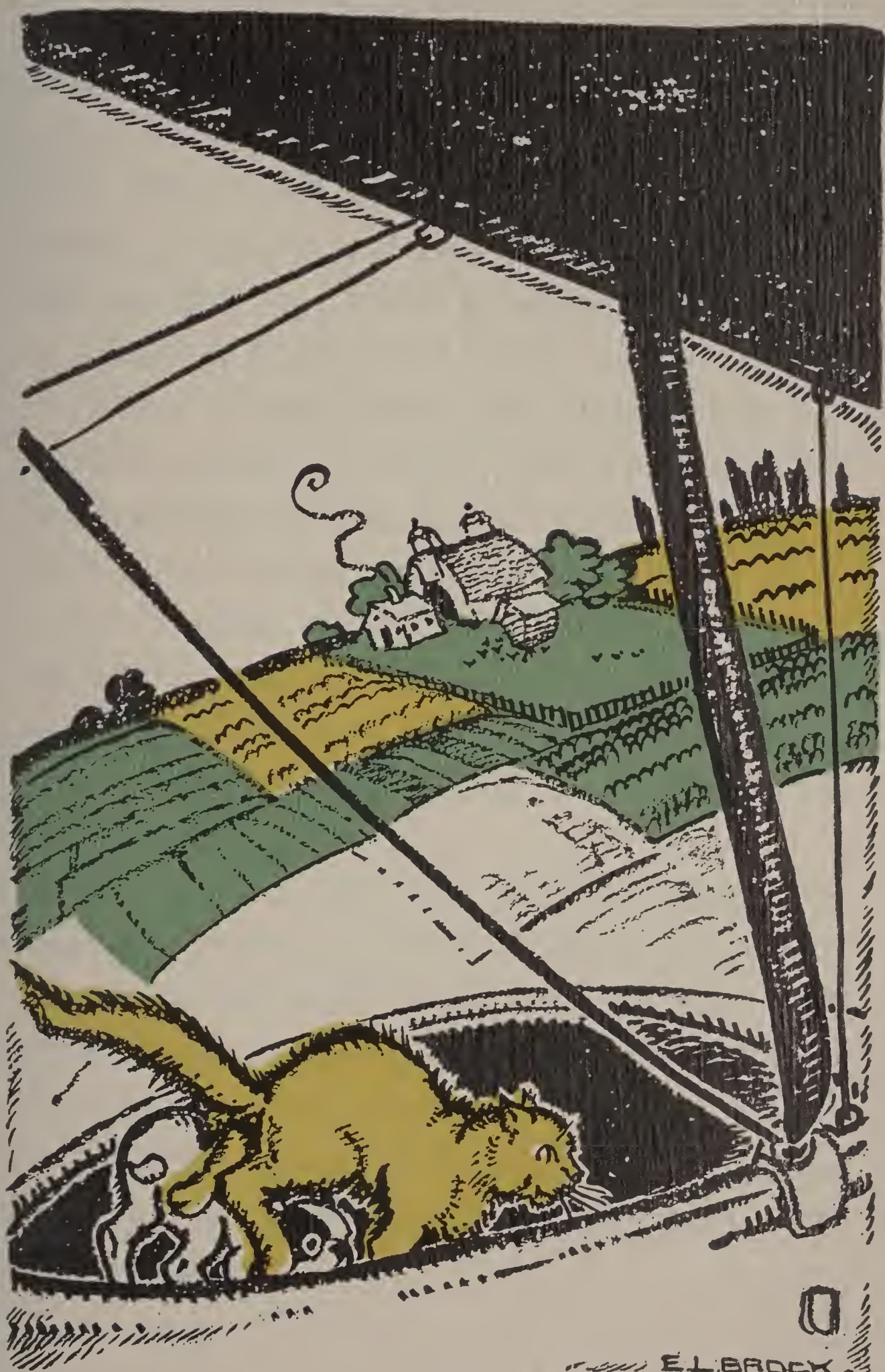
With another laugh the man reached down, picked up Poogie and Sibella, dropped them into the airplane and climbed in too.

Almost at once the dreadful roaring began again and, as the airplane ran along on the ground, Poogie and Sibella went bumping about like two rubber balls.

"Oh, Sibella, what is it? What is happening?" cried Poogie.

"I don't know," answered Sibella, "but you were foolish to follow that man."

Poogie was trying to appear very brave, so he said nothing more.



EL BROCK

Soon the bumping ceased although the roaring continued. Poogie and Sibella didn't know it but, by this time, they were flying high above the meadow. The man looked down at them and laughed to see Sibella's tail sticking up, twice as large as usual.

"Scared, Kitty?" he asked.

When Poogie heard the man's voice, he looked up and, at once, all his fear was gone. He knew everything was all right. This man was a real friend and they were safe.

In a short time they landed, bumping along for some distance before the airplane stopped. The man lifted Poogie and Sibella out, patted them and said, "Good-by, Pup and Kitty."

He climbed into the airplane again and was off. Poogie and Sibella watched until he was a far-off speck in the sky and then they turned and looked at each other, their eyes round with astonishment.

"Sibella," gasped Poogie, "do you suppose we were up there in the sky when we were in that thing?"

Sibella was so amazed she couldn't speak, so she only nodded.

"Sibella, what do you suppose that thing is?" asked Poogie.

"It's an eagle," said Sibella.

"No, it isn't an eagle," answered Poogie.

"It's too big for an eagle."

"Well, then," said Sibella, "what is it?"

"It's—it's—a camel," said Poogie at last.

Sibella looked doubtful. "How do you know it's a camel?" she asked.

"Well, people ride on camels, don't they? And didn't we ride on this thing? So it must be a camel," declared Poogie.

Sibella didn't believe it was a camel but, since she had never seen a camel, she wasn't sure. She sat still a long time and then she said, "Poogie, let's go home."

They started home across the meadow. Poogie was hungry and, remembering a bone he had buried that morning, he ran on ahead. Sibella followed slowly, thinking some entirely new thoughts.



CHAPTER V

Poogie Becomes a Hero

SOMETIMES Poogie and Sibella went to visit a friend of Poogie's who lived on the other side of the brook. One morning Poogie said, "Come on, Sibella, let's go and see Jip. I told him we would come over today."

Sibella was washing her right hind foot and did not answer.

"Sibella, did you hear me?" asked Poogie.

"Yes," said Sibella, "I heard you but I don't want to go to see Jip."

“Why not?” asked Poogie.

Sibella did not answer. She began to wash her left hind foot.

Poogie watched her for a moment and then he said, “I know why you don’t want to go, Sibella; you are afraid to cross the bridge.”

“Well,” said Sibella, “it isn’t much of a bridge and it wiggles.”

“Oh, don’t be silly, Sibella; you won’t fall off and even if you do, it won’t hurt you. The water isn’t deep and you can wade out.”

Sibella sighed. She knew it was no use arguing. She couldn’t make Poogie understand why cats hate to get their feet wet! So she stretched herself and said, “All right, Poogie, let’s go.”

Poogie gave a yelp of excitement and ran through the gate into the meadow. He soon came to the little bridge and ran across. The bridge was only a narrow board. It tipped a little but Poogie was not afraid. When he reached the other side he sat down to wait for Sibella.

Sibella came slowly across the meadow, thinking her thoughts and waving her tail. She paid no attention to Poogie when she reached the bridge, but carefully and sedately walked across.

Poogie was disappointed. He had expected to see Sibella frightened and he imagined himself saying, "Don't be silly, Sibella. I'll save you if you fall into the water."

Poogie and Sibella followed a little path which led into the woods and soon they came to Jip's house. Jip was expecting them and ran out to meet them, barking excitedly.

Soon he and Poogie were engaged in a wrestling match while Sibella sat on the doorstep and watched them. Sibella never could understand why dogs liked wrestling so much. She was sure she wouldn't like to have some other cat come tumbling over her, growling and snarling and pretending to bite. However, Poogie and Jip seemed to enjoy rolling each other over and over in the leaves, barking, snapping and snarling as though they were really angry with one another.

At last, when they were breathless, they came over to Sibella and lay down beside each other, their little pink tongues hanging out as they panted for breath. Sibella began washing her face, at the same time keeping an eye on Poogie and Jip.

In a few minutes they were rested and Jip invited them to have lunch with him. He had a fresh chicken bone for Poogie and a saucer of milk for Sibella.

After lunch, the three friends sat quietly on the doorstep and visited. Poogie and Sibella told Jip about their ride in the airplane, and Jip told them about a prize he had won at a dog show. He went into the house and got the prize to show them. It was a blue ribbon with some gold letters on it.

“What does it say?” asked Sibella.

“I don’t know,” said Jip, “but I think it says I was the handsomest dog at the dog show.”

Poogie wished he might go to a dog show and win a blue ribbon. Sibella didn’t say anything but, secretly, she didn’t think a blue

ribbon with gold letters on it was much of a prize. It if had been a bunch of catnip tied with blue ribbon she would have liked it much better.

By this time the sun was getting low in the west so Poogie and Sibella started home.

When they reached the bridge Poogie skipped across and, without waiting to see if Sibella crossed safely, he hurried on toward home. Suddenly he heard a splash and, turning quickly, he saw Sibella standing in the brook.

Poor Sibella! She had been thinking some important thoughts about blue ribbons and had forgotten to step carefully on the narrow board. It had tipped with her and she had slipped into the water before she could stop herself.

The water was not deep but Sibella was very much frightened. Her tail was sticking up straight and was twice as large as usual. She was snarling and spitting furiously.

Poogie ran back, barking excitedly. "Wade out! Sibella! Wade out!" he called.

Sibella lifted one foot and angrily shook

off the water. Then she put it back into the brook and lifted another and shook it. She did this with each of her four feet.

Poogie raced wildly along the bank, barking, "Wade out! Sibella! Wade out!"

At last Sibella gave an extra loud snarl and sprang toward the bank. In a moment she was standing beside Poogie.

"There! Sibella, now you are all right," exclaimed Poogie.

"I'm not all right," growled Sibella, "my feet are wet."

"They will soon dry," said Poogie cheerfully. Then after a short silence, he began to bark wildly, "Sibella! Sibella! I'm a hero!"

Sibella stared at him a moment and then said, "A hero! What makes you think you are a hero?"

"Isn't a hero a person who saves another person's life? And didn't I save your life, Sibella?"

"You certainly did not save my life," said Sibella scornfully. "I saved my own life."

"Yes, but I told you what to do," said Poogie.



Sibella looked disgusted. She knew there was no use arguing with Poogie. If Poogie thought he was a hero, nothing could make him change his mind.

“Let’s go home,” said Sibella crossly.

As they went toward home, Sibella sighed wearily. She knew it would take her a long time to wash the mud from all four of her paws! She almost wished she didn’t have so many paws. Perhaps two would be enough for a cat, just as it seemed to be enough for ducks and hens.

But Poogie wasn’t worrying about Sibella or anything else. He ran round and round in circles, chasing his tail, and singing a little song he made up as he ran.

Poogie’s song was something like this:

Poogie was a hero!

Poogie was a hero!

Poogie was a hero brave!

Of course you want to know,

Of course you want to know,

What he did that was so brave.

Poogie saved Sibella!
Poogie saved Sibella!
Saved Sibella's life today!
Poogie was a hero!
Poogie was a hero!
Sing ho! ho! ho! Sing hey!





CHAPTER VI

Poogie and Sibella Go to Church

ONE Sunday morning Poogie came out on the porch where Sibella was washing her face and said, "Sibella, let's go to church."

"Dogs and cats don't go to church," answered Sibella, "church is for people and not for animals."

"Well, why can't dogs and cats go to church?" asked Poogie.

"I don't know why, but they can't," said Sibella.

Poogie said nothing for several minutes and then he began to coax Sibella. Now, when Poogie coaxed for anything, Sibella could scarcely ever refuse him.

“Please, Sibella, let’s go to church just once. I want to know what people do in church. They always put on their best clothes and they look so serious as they walk down the street. I think I have heard them sing after they go inside of the church, too. Please! Let’s go just once to see what church is like.”

Sibella stopped washing her face and said, “Well, I suppose we might go just once. But I am afraid they will put us out of the church for I am sure they don’t want dogs and cats there.”

“We can go after they are all inside and, if we slip in very quietly, no one will hear us,” said Poogie. “We can sit near the door and, if anyone sees us, we can run out.”

“All right, then,” said Sibella, “we’ll go.”

Poogie yelped joyfully and tried to jump over his own shadow which stretched out on the walk before him. Then he tried to catch

his tail but, since it was only a one-inch tail, he could never come up to it. "Sibella, what do we have to do to get ready for church?" he asked.

"We have to wash and wash until we are cleaner than we have ever been before," answered Sibella, with great earnestness.

"I don't need to wash, Sibella," said Poogie. "I washed the other day; Tuesday, I think it was."

"You can't go to church unless you wash," said Sibella firmly, as she began washing her left hind foot.

Poogie groaned. He hated washing himself and never did it except when Sibella scolded him until he was ashamed of himself. But this time he wanted to go to church and he knew Sibella would never go unless he washed. So, with many groans and sighs, he began washing his paws. Poogie did not know how to wash himself as well as Sibella did, but he did his best. By and by Sibella stopped to tell him that he was really doing very well.

"Wash behind your ears, Poogie," said Sibella.

“I don’t like to wash behind my ears,” said Poogie, “it hurts.”

“Well, you will have to wash behind your ears if you want to go to church,” said Sibella.

After a great deal of complaining on Poogie’s part and a great deal of scolding on Sibella’s part, Poogie was clean enough to go to church. They waited until everybody had gone down the street toward the church, and then they slowly followed. When all the people had gone into the church, they went up the walk and, after listening a moment, they slipped inside the door.

No one saw them as they crept into a corner. Poogie sat up very straight with his ears sticking up and his sharp eyes darting everywhere. He was greatly excited and tried to wag his little one-inch tail, only of course a one-inch tail isn’t much good when it comes to wagging. Sibella sat down and curled her tail around her as though she had always been used to going to church. A man was standing in front of all the people. He was talking very earnestly and they were all listening very attentively.

“What does he say?” asked Sibella.

“I don’t know,” answered Poogie, “he talks so loud I can’t hear him.”

The man talked a long time and then some other men walked about the church passing a wooden plate in front of the people.

“What is in that plate, Poogie?” asked Sibella.

“I don’t know,” replied Poogie, “but I don’t think there is anything in it. Perhaps the people are putting money in it. I can hear money jingling.”

“What do they want to put money into the plates for?” asked Sibella.

“Oh, don’t ask so many questions, Sibella,” exclaimed Poogie, who was trying to see a little boy who had sometimes played with him and who was sitting not far away. The little boy did not see Poogie. Poogie wondered what the little boy would do if he should turn around and see Sibella and himself in church.

Just then some people in the front part of the church stood up and began to sing. They sang very loud and in a moment, Sibella began to purr.

“Sibella, do you think you should sing?” asked Poogie. “Aren’t you afraid some one may hear you?”

Sibella made no answer. She was enjoying herself immensely.

Poogie grew more and more restless. So much singing made him feel queer. Poogie did not often sing but, when he heard the organ playing and all the people singing, he felt that he, too, must sing.

Suddenly he lifted up his head and, pointing his little black nose toward the ceiling, he began to sing, “Ow-w-w, oo-oo-oo, ow-w, yap, yap, yap!”

“Poogie!” cried Sibella, “stop that racket!”

All the people in the church stopped singing and turned toward the door. When they saw Poogie and Sibella some of them began to laugh and some of them looked very much shocked. A man started toward them but, before he reached them, Sibella had started for the door, saying as she went, “Poogie! you come right home with me. I might have known you would do something dreadful if I let you come.”



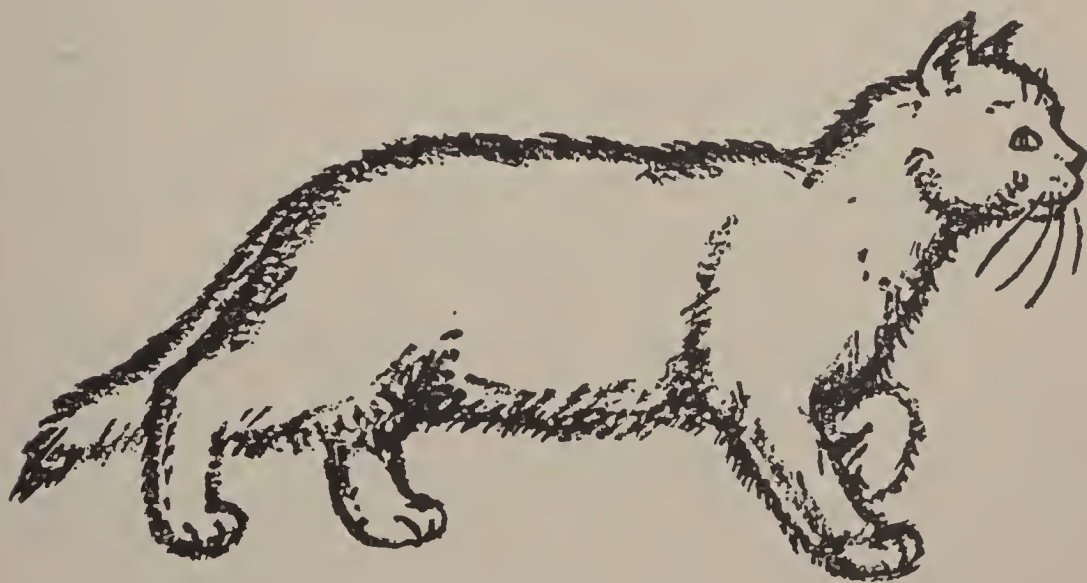
Poogie very meekly followed Sibella out of the church, wondering what dreadful thing he had done. When they were safely outside he said, "Sibella, what was the matter with my singing? You sang, and all the people sang. Why shouldn't I sing?"

"Dogs can't sing," snapped Sibella, "they only howl."

Sibella continued to scold and ended by saying, "You have disgraced us both, Poogie, and never again will I take you to church."

Poogie looked quite crestfallen and said nothing more for several minutes. However, just before he reached home, he saw a squirrel run across the street and he ran after it, forgetting all about his experiences at church.

Sibella walked slowly home thinking some new thoughts that had come to her in church.





CHAPTER VII

Poogie and Sibella Give a Party

SIBELLA had been calling on her friend, Smoky, who lived at the other end of Little-John-Lane. Smoky was a large black cat with eyes that shone in the dark like two green lights. Poogie had not gone with Sibella because he had some other business which needed his attention.

It was half-past four and Sibella was just returning from her call. As she came up the walk she saw at once that Poogie was greatly

excited. "I suppose Poogie has a bright idea," she said to herself.

Sure enough! Poogie came hurrying to meet Sibella, talking excitedly as he ran. "Sibella!" he cried, "let's have a party and invite our friends!"

Sibella sat down on the doorstep, curled her tail neatly around her and looked solemn. "Why should we have a party?" she asked. "It isn't a birthday, is it?"

"No," answered Poogie, "but can't we have a party even if it isn't a birthday?"

"I don't see how we can; no one ever has a party except for a birthday."

Poogie sat down on the doorstep beside Sibella, looking very much disappointed. After a moment he jumped up and began barking wildly.

"I suppose," said Sibella, "you have another idea."

"Sibella! Of course it's a birthday, so of course we can have a party!"

"Whose birthday is it?" asked Sibella.

"I don't know," replied Poogie, "but every day is a birthday for some one, isn't it?"

Sibella had to admit that every day was a birthday for some one, so she agreed they could have the party.

“Whom shall we invite?” Sibella asked quickly.

“Everyone,” cried Poogie, “all of your friends and all of mine.”

“We can’t do that, Poogie. Some of my friends are afraid of dogs and some of your friends chase cats. We can’t have any dogs who chase cats.”

“Of course we can,” cried Poogie indignantly. “Let your friends, who are afraid of dogs, stay at home.”

For a few minutes it looked very much as though there was going to be a quarrel and no party, for Poogie was determined to have all of his friends, and Sibella also was determined to have all of hers. They argued and argued until at last Sibella turned her back on Poogie and began thinking some very serious thoughts.

For fully five minutes they were silent, then Poogie said softly, “Sibella, you have one friend who isn’t afraid of dogs and I

have one who never chases cats. Let's invite those two and have a party."

Sibella began to purr and, coming over to Poogie, she said, "Poogie, that is a splendid idea. How did you ever think of it?"

"I don't know," answered Poogie, "I just thought of it. We'll invite my friend, Rowdy, and your friend, Smoky; they will love to come."

"Indeed they will," answered Sibella. "And now that we have decided whom we are to invite, let's decide what we are to have to eat."

"I have two bones buried in the garden," said Poogie, "they will do for Rowdy and me."

"And I will get two saucers of milk for Smoky and me," chimed in Sibella.

They were so pleased with the idea of having a party that they couldn't wait until tomorrow to have it. So, while Sibella went to look for the saucers of milk, Poogie went to invite Smoky and Rowdy.

Rowdy and Smoky were delighted to come and, in a short time, the four friends were

in front of the little yellow house at the end of Little-John-Lane, ready for the party.

“What shall we do to have a good time?” asked Sibella.

“Why, eat our refreshments!” exclaimed Poogie, who was hungry.

“Don’t be silly, Poogie. That isn’t the way to do at a party. People don’t have refreshments first,” said Sibella.

“Well, what do they do then?” asked Poogie.

“They play games, tell stories or have music,” answered Sibella patiently.

“I’ll tell you what let’s do,” said Rowdy, “let’s do stunts.”

“What are stunts?” asked Poogie.

“I don’t know exactly, only I know they do stunts at children’s parties,” replied Rowdy. “Each one has to do something to make the others laugh.”

“Oh, that will be fun,” cried Sibella and Smoky together. “Poogie, you do the first stunt.”

Poogie didn’t know any stunt to do but he wasn’t going to say so. He knew Sibella



and Smoky would laugh at him if he said he didn't know a stunt. He shut his eyes and pretended to be thinking very hard. Suddenly he began to bark excitedly.

"Poogie has a bright idea," said Sibella.

Poogie ran round the corner of the house and, in a moment, he came back, walking on his hind feet.

"Oh, Poogie!" cried Sibella, "I didn't know you could do that. How did you learn?"

Poogie walked slowly forward, made a bow and then dropped down on all four feet. "Well," he said, "when I saw all those dogs at the DOG AND CAT CIRCUS walking on their hind feet, I made up my mind I'd learn to do it. I've been practicing every day while you were asleep."

"It's wonderful," said Smoky, "I don't see how you do it."

"It's easy," answered Poogie, "any dog can do it if he really tries."

Sibella said nothing but she looked very much pleased and, secretly, she thought Poogie a very clever dog.

“Now, Rowdy, it’s your turn,” said Poogie.

“Oh, I don’t know any stunt,” growled Rowdy.

“Yes you do, Rowdy,” said Smoky. “Do your trick with the ball.”

“Oh, that’s old; everyone has seen that,” said Rowdy.

“We don’t care,” said Sibella, “we always like to see you do it.”

“Where is your ball, Poogie?” asked Rowdy.

Poogie ran into the house and, in a moment, he came out with his best rubber ball.

A little boy had taught Rowdy to toss a ball up into the air and catch it on his nose as it came down. It was the only trick he knew and the others had seen him do it many times, but they watched politely and clapped their paws vigorously when he caught the ball squarely on his nose.

When Rowdy had done his stunt it was Sibella’s turn. Sibella walked sedately to a tall elm tree and, without hurrying, climbed up to the first branch and sat down with her tail curled around her.

“But, Sibella,” called Pogie, “that isn’t a stunt.”

“Why isn’t it?” asked Sibella.

“Don’t be silly, Sibella,” said Pogie. “A stunt is something different; something everybody can’t do. It’s a sort of trick.”

“Well, isn’t this something everybody can’t do?” asked Sibella. “Can you and Rowdy do it?”

Of course Pogie knew neither he nor Rowdy could climb a tree but still he felt Sibella had not done a real stunt. However, he knew there was no use arguing with Sibella, so he turned to Smoky and said, “Now, Smoky, it’s your turn.”

Smoky opened his mouth very wide and yawned. “Oh, let’s do something else; I’m tired of stunts.”

“That isn’t fair,” said Sibella as she came down from the tree. “Everyone else has done a stunt and you must do one, too.”

“Oh, well then,” said Smoky, as he rose and stretched himself. He walked over to Rowdy and rubbed himself against Rowdy’s rough coat. Suddenly some bright sparks shot from Smoky’s fur. Rowdy yelped and

ran away while Poogie and Sibella stared in surprise.

“Oh, Smoky! Smoky! how did you do that?” asked Sibella.

“I don’t know how I do it,” answered Smoky. “The sparks just come when I rub against certain things.”

“Did it hurt you, Rowdy?” asked Sibella.

“No,” growled Rowdy, “but I didn’t like it.”

“Can you make sparks, Sibella?” asked Poogie.

“I don’t think so,” answered Sibella.

“Try if you can,” cried all the others.

So Sibella rubbed against Poogie but no sparks came.

Everyone said Smoky’s stunt was the best although Sibella thought that Poogie’s was almost as good.

“Now, let’s eat,” cried Poogie.

So Poogie dug up his two bones and, while he and Rowdy gnawed and growled over them, Sibella and Smoky lapped up their saucers of milk.

After they had had refreshments, Sibella

and Smoky washed their faces while Poogie and Rowdy played tug-o'-war with a piece of rope Rowdy had brought with him.

When the sun went down Rowdy and Smoky went home. They told Poogie and Sibella it had been a wonderful party and said they hoped they would have another soon.

When Rowdy and Smoky were gone, Poogie went to attend to an old bone he had forgotten to bury, while Sibella sat down on the walk, curled her tail around her and began thinking some long, long thoughts.





CHAPTER VIII

Poogie and Sibella Go to See the World

ONE morning Sibella sat on the doorstep watching Poogie who was standing at the gate talking to a stray dog. Sibella did not like to have Poogie talk to stray dogs and she particularly did not like this dog who was very dirty and ill-mannered.

Sibella waited a few minutes and then she called, "Poogie, come here."

Poogie made no answer, but went on talking to the stray dog.

"Poogie, come here," called Sibella again.

The stray dog looked at Sibella in a rather rude manner and then he ran away. Poogie came running up the walk, greatly excited.

"Sibella!" he cried, "let's take a trip."

"What kind of a trip?" asked Sibella.

"Oh, just leave home and go away for a while. I want to see the world," said Poogie.

"Poogie," said Sibella crossly, "every time you talk with a stray dog you get some crazy idea. One of those stray dogs persuaded you that it is foolish to wash and you went about for days so dirty I was ashamed of you. Once you got the idea that a dog has to chase every cat he sees in order to be a clever dog. And now you want to leave home and go away to see the world!"

"But this isn't a foolish idea at all, Sibella," said Poogie. "A great many people go away to see the world. Traveling is quite fashionable. We can return any time."

“We-e-ll,” said Sibella doubtfully, “I suppose we might take a little trip. Where shall we go?”

“Oh, we’ll just start out and walk along and see things as we go. That will be the best way. That stray dog told me he never knows where he is going; he just goes along and has a good time without worrying.”

“Don’t talk to me about that stray dog,” cried Sibella, “we are respectable folks and we shall travel in a respectable manner.”

“Yes, Sibella,” said Poogie meekly. Secretly he thought it would be fun to be a stray dog instead of a respectable dog, but he was careful to say nothing to displease Sibella for he feared Sibella might change her mind about going to see the world.

“When shall we start?” asked Sibella.

“Right now,” cried Poogie.

Thus it happened that Poogie and Sibella left their home one bright morning and started out to see the world.

Now Poogie and Sibella had never been far beyond the end of Little-John-Lane so, in a short time, they were in a part of the

city they did not know. They walked along side by side, enjoying themselves immensely. They did not see many people for it was yet early in the morning.

Once they passed a house where a large black dog stood at the gate. He looked at them in a friendly way and asked them where they were going.

"We are going to see the world," answered Poogie proudly.

The big dog laughed and said, "You are rather small to be going to see the world, aren't you?"

Poogie was offended so he made no answer. As they went on, he said to Sibella, "Of course we are big enough to go traveling. That big dog doesn't know what he is talking about."

Sibella was thinking some important thoughts and did not answer.

Just at that moment an ugly brown dog, somewhat larger than Poogie, came running across the street toward them. Sibella gave one look and then climbed a tree as fast as she could. Poogie stood his ground, but he

was dreadfully frightened. The brown dog stopped when he had almost reached Poogie. He was growling and the hair on his back was standing up straight. He walked stiff-legged around Poogie and then he rushed forward. Poogie was sure his last moment had come but he made up his mind to fight.

Before the brown dog had touched him, a man whistled sharply and the brown dog ran away. Poogie drew a long breath of relief. It had been a narrow escape.

Sibella came down from the tree and said, "Now, Poogie, let's go home. I've seen all of the world I want to see."

It took Poogie a long time to persuade Sibella to go on with him but at last Sibella said, "Well, we will go on a little farther but if any other terrible thing happens I'm going straight home."

By and by they found themselves out in the country. They were hungry and thirsty but they saw no house where they could ask for food and drink. Sibella kept saying she was going right home, but always Poogie coaxed her to go on a little farther.

At last Sibella noticed that the sun was getting low in the west and she said, "Poogie, if we don't go home, where are we going to stay all night? We can't sleep out here in the fields."

By this time Poogie was tired and cross so he said. "Of course we can sleep out here in the fields. Stray dogs and cats have to sleep outdoors, and if it doesn't hurt them it won't hurt us."

Sibella said nothing but she made up her mind that she wouldn't sleep outdoors all night. She was a respectable cat and respectable cats did not sleep in the fields! She walked along sedately, waving her tail and thinking her thoughts.

Suddenly she said, "Poogie, do you think you can find the way home when we are ready to go back?"

"Of course I can find the way home," answered Poogie shortly.

Sibella was sure Poogie did *not* know the way home but she didn't argue for she knew there was no use arguing with Poogie when he was tired.

They had had nothing to eat since morning and they were very hungry. Sibella kept thinking of a saucer of milk she had left at home, and Poogie kept thinking of a fresh chicken bone he had buried the day before.

When it was quite dark, they looked for a place to sleep. They found a little pile of hay in the field and crept into it. They lay close together and tried to keep warm. But Poogie and Sibella were not used to sleeping outdoors and soon they were both shivering.

A long time passed and then Sibella heard Poogie crying softly. Sibella waited until she was sure Poogie was really crying and then she said, "Poogie, let's go home."

There was silence for a moment and then Poogie said, "I don't know the way home, Sibella. I thought I could find the way, but I know I can't find it in the dark."

"Never mind, Poogie, I know the way," said Sibella. "Come on; if we start right now we can be home before it gets so very late."

Poogie wondered if Sibella really did know the way, but he was too miserable to



E.L. BROCK

talk so he crawled out of the pile of hay and followed Sibella.

Sibella walked straight out of the field and started down the road. Poogie followed, too tired to care what happened to him. They trotted along for what seemed like hours to Poogie before they came to the edge of the town. As soon as they saw the lights twinkling along the streets they began to feel quite happy.

However, all their troubles were not over. As they crossed a side street, two stray dogs, who were searching for old bones in a garbage can, saw them and dashed after them. Again Sibella ran up a tree and left poor Poogie to face the enemy. Poogie was too tired to fight and too tired to run, so he lay down on his back and waved his four paws in the air to show that he surrendered.

The stray dogs came up to him walking stiff-legged but, when they were close to him, one of them said, "Hello, aren't you the dog I talked with this morning in Little-John-Lane?"

Poogie rolled over on his feet and said,

“Hello, yourself; yes, I’m the dog who lives in Little-John-Lane.”

“What are you doing here?” asked the other dogs.

Poogie told them how he and Sibella had started out to see the world, and he also gave an account of all their adventures. He ended by saying, “Now, we are on our way home. We have seen all of the world that interests us.”

The stray dogs laughed loudly and said, “You had better go home, little dog, you aren’t big enough to go to see the world.”

It made Poogie angry to be called a “little dog” but he would not quarrel with stray dogs. When they had gone, Sibella came down from the tree and they hurried home as fast as they could.

As they entered their front door, Poogie said, “Sibella, I promise you I’ll never talk with another stray dog.”

Sibella smiled but said nothing. She knew Poogie would forget all about his promise the first time a stray dog came along, but just now she was so glad to be home that

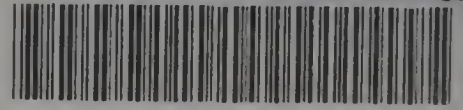
she didn't care to argue with him. She sat down before the fire and began washing her paws. Poogie flopped himself down on the rug without even thinking of washing himself.

He yawned and said, "Sibella, I don't care anything about seeing the world. Little-John-Lane suits me all right and I shall stay here always."

In two minutes he was asleep and snoring. But Sibella sat for a long time thinking some important thoughts she hadn't had time to think all day.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00025614288

